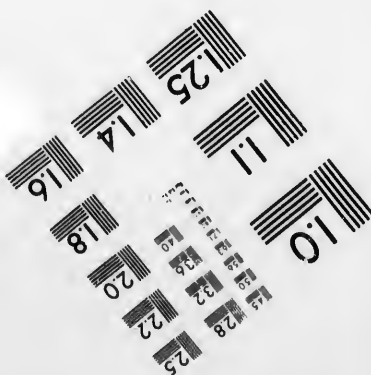
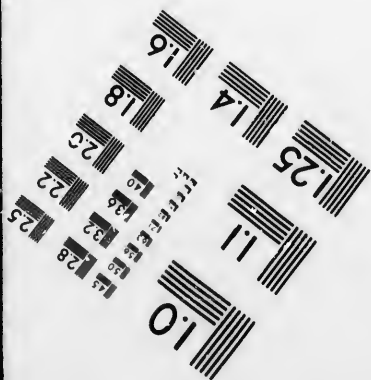
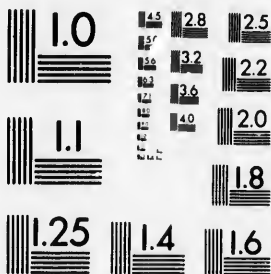


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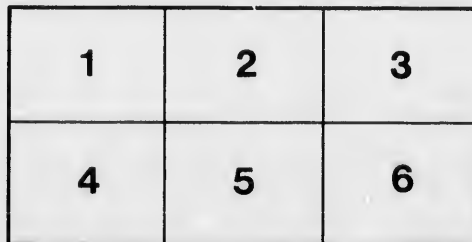
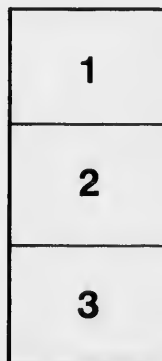
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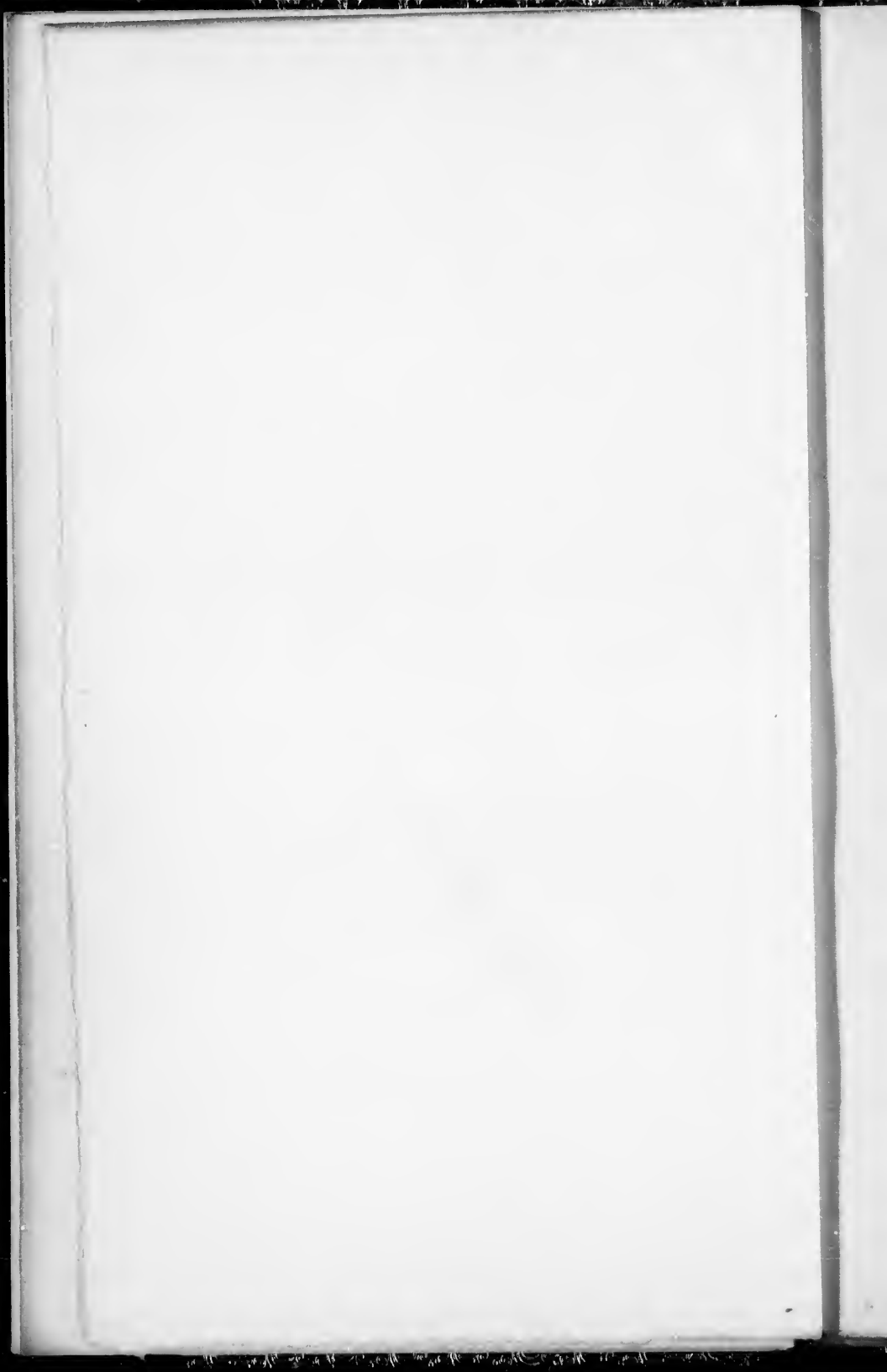
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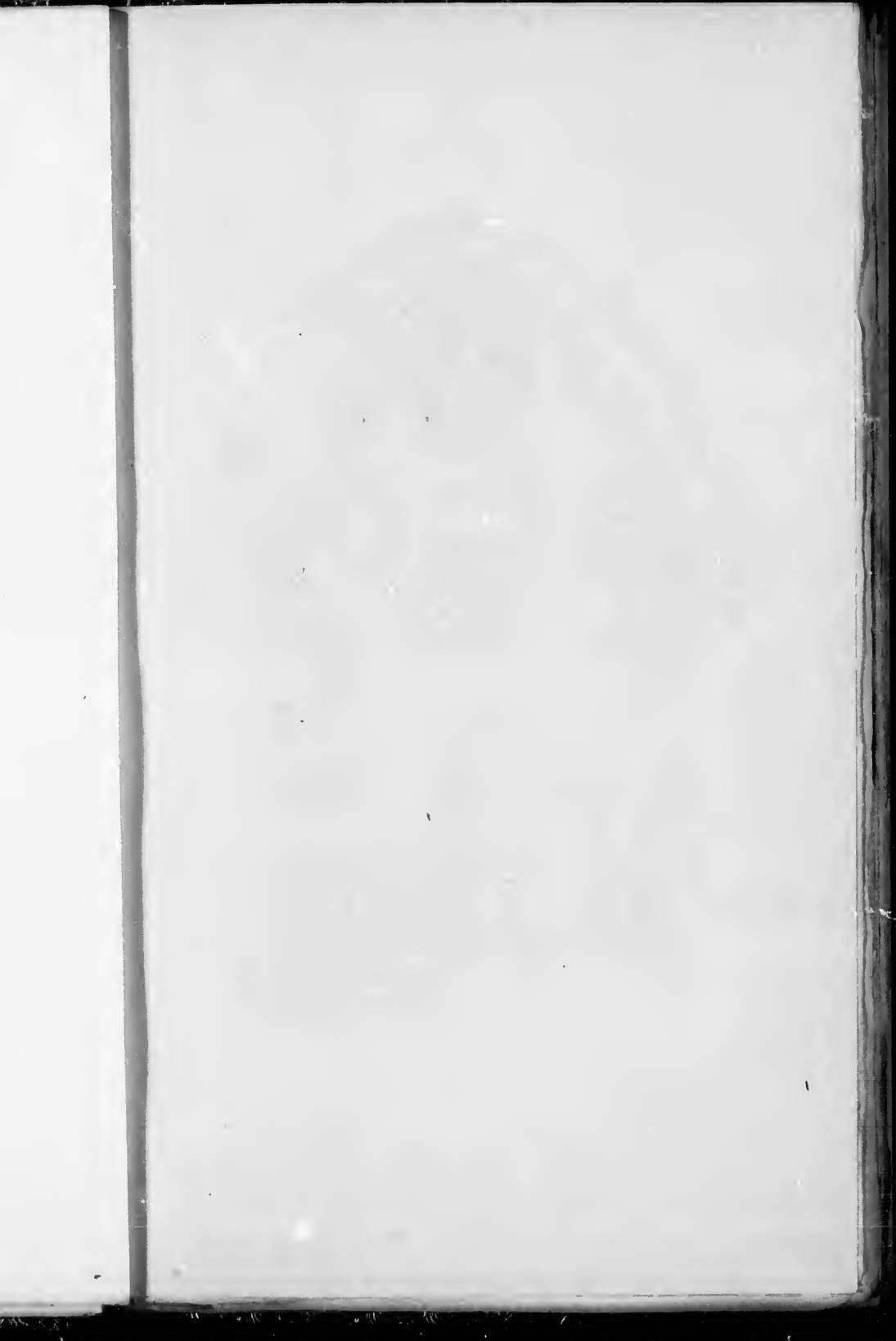
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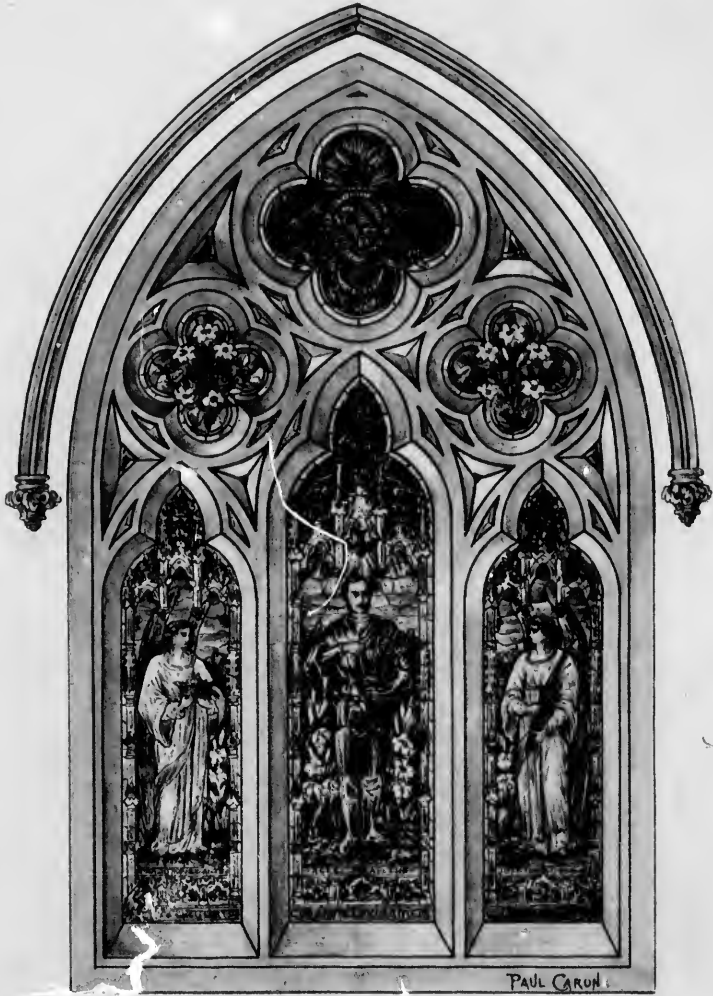




NUGÆ CANORÆ







PAUL CARON

Nugæ Canoræ

BY A. G. D.



PORTLAND, MAINE
SMITH & SALE, 45 EXCHANGE STREET
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TO MISS EDYTHE NEWMAN

My Dear Edythe :

*Nugæ Canoræ is not a pretty
title for a book, and therefore not compli-
mentary to you.*

*You are, however, a lover of truth, and
it is absolutely true.*

A. G. D.

Montreal, June 1, 1897.

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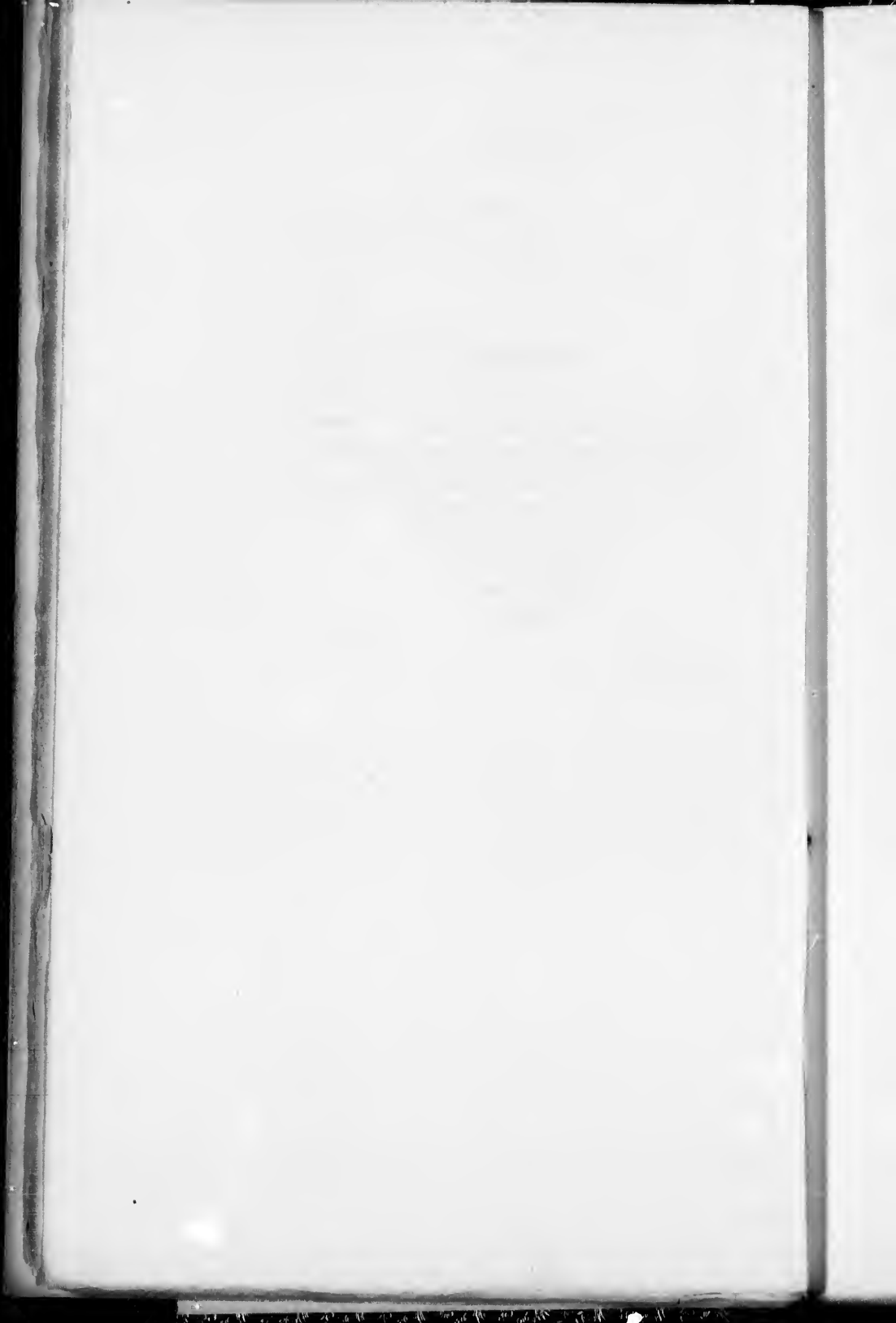
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PREFACE

THE plate used in this volume is made from a drawing by Mr. Paul Caron, to whom my thanks are due, for the talent he has bestowed on the subject. I am also indebted to Messrs. Smith & Sale for the excellent manner in which the book is printed.

A. G. D.

Montreal, 1897.



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TO EDYTHE

A MIDST the world's tumultuous din,
The battle keen for rank and place,
Where might is right, and wealth may win
A crown, and even worth efface;
Not here I'll seek, or find thy name
Inscribed upon the roll of fame.

Nor in the sun's voluptuous hour
When life is tinged with crimson glow;
Where many a still most regal flower
Seems half abashed its face to show;
Not here I'll seek, or find thy name
Entwined among those flowers of fame.

But when the rose with dew is wet,
And near God's throne the stars have met;
When Luna crowned with mystic power
Draws sweetness from each hidden flower;
'Tis then I'll think of Edythe's name
Inscribed upon the roll of fame.

And when among the leafy boughs
The nightingale's soft music rolls;
When lovers' sweetly whispered vows,
Steal, as that music, o'er their souls;
This is the hour when Edythe's name
Is woven with the flowers of fame.

In gentle, loving, household ways,
In walks of letters and of art,
Shalt thou, throughout thy range of days
Obtain the empire of the heart,
And weave thyself, around thy name
An auriole of sweetest fame.

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*TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT
MAJESTY*

JUNE 20th, 1897

No monument which art may raise
Can speak to ages of Thy fame
Like these few words twined with Thy name,
"Enthroned upon Thy people's praise."

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TO THE MEMORY OF H. R. H.

THE PRINCE CONSORT

I

ONCE more returns the sad December eve,
That in its train will tender memories leave
Of tears and sorrow — vanished loveliness
Long mourned in silence and in loneliness —
Of Love harmonious, and that deep serene
Which once encircled England's loyal Queen.
Yet o'er the mournful message of that day
Eternal Love hath shed His kindly ray,
And points beyond the purple sunset skies
To where a brighter prospect seems to rise.

II

What though the mortal image fades and dies
The deeds of virtue from the tomb arise!
E'en though the splendour of the sun hath set
The lamp of memory fondly lingereth yet.
Twined with the laurels of enduring fame,
The deathless glory of a deathless name
Still gilds the cycles of the years which roll,
With lustre borrowed from the lofty soul:
For in eternal youth such souls remain
A smile from God, returned to God again.

III

These to his memory, consecrated, rest,
As blending all imperfectly with themes
On which in life he loved full oft to dwell.

TO H. R. H. PRINCE CONSORT

And since thro' him these old world tales now seem
Of more enduring worth since loved by him,
My fancy of the dying, blameless King,
Of brave Sir Launcelot and Guinevere
Shall, in all reverence and humility
Be henceforth with his memory intertwined.

For as the poet in his vision saw
In his great life a pure and faultless type
Of that true manhood which should sway the world;
So now, when time hath proved the deeds of life,
His deeds remain his noblest monument.
And in this dawning year of Jubilee
When thought is turned to our beloved Queen,
The memory lingers on those brighter years
When His dear presence stood so near the throne.
For ever, graven on the nation's heart,
Unchanged by time, his lofty figure stands
Crowned by the age his life adorned, and crowned
By after ages as the Just, the Good.

December, 1896.

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LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE

NOTE.—*Lancelot and Guinevere* forms the first of a series of tales founded on the Idylls of the King, Mallory's *Morte D'Arthur* &c., hereafter to be published under the title of "The Knights of Old."

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LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE

THE bravest of the brave, Sir Lancelot,
The flower of Arthur's court at Camelot
Had from the noise of arms withdrawn,
And in the calmness of seclusion sought
To calm the voice of Conscience, and redeem
By deeds of alms, the deeds that flesh had wrought.
But ever in his ears the echoes rang
Of sad sweet music sung unceasingly
Like those weird tones, which float upon the breeze
As waves in surging turmoil lash the rocks,
And never ceasing, never change or tire.
And oft times from the past a voice arose
As of King Arthur speaking as of old
"Is all then well, is all so well with thee?"
And in the deep set shades of Avignon
Sir Lancelot retired at close of eve
To commune with his soul; and in a dream
Revolved the many scenes of Camelot.
Now first appeared before the weary Knight
The far-off-loveliness of Love's young dream,
The dawn of May, the fullness of the Spring
When Love and Spring, and Guinevere were one;
For this was ere the breath of slander fell
And linked the fairest of the fair with those
Who flourish in the garden of this world
As doth the noxious weed, whose touch is death.
And on this morn of May, fair as the morn
The Queen arose, and decked herself with flowers,
While o'er the earth the joyous sun of May
Shone in the splendour of his kingly power.
So Guinevere from out her casement looked

LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE

On all the beauteous world beneath her feet;
Made beauteous by high God, for those who keep
Pure hearts, and undefiled, and free from ill:
E'en as those faithful souls whose prayers ascend
As clouds of incense to the great white throne.
And Guinevere, while musing on the scene
Bethought her of a noble, god-like Knight
The prince of Knights, so gentle, and so brave
And more of mortal than the blameless King.
For oft to her the brilliance of her lord
Seemed as the sun in heaven, too full of light
An unapproachable for those of earth;
Yet lovely in his sphere, and fit to move
In orbit more ethereal, whence the suns
Of lower worlds may borrow radiance, warmth,
And life. So thought the Queen, and oft in dreams
Sir Lancelot was crowned in Arthur's stead.
And happy in this dangerous love she moved
Through household ways, and quiet converse drew
Two souls of noble birth, and courtly grace
Together. And as yet their love was pure;
Nor dreamed they then that ere another May
The sun would shine, and storms would sweep away
Their love, their trust, the noble Table Round
And all its glorious imagery, to dust.

And ever and anon the vision changed,
And from the midst of Camelot arose
A garden, fair as ever painter drew
Laved by the limpid waters of the lake,
Wherein there grew one flower, more white, more pure,
More fragrant than all Flora's sweetest flowers.

Then Lancelot in eagerness and love
Stretched forth his hand to pluck the faultless flower,

LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE

When lo! the blossom vanished and the Queen
Clothed in pure white, stood in its place, and said :
"Unto thy King, unto thyself, be true."
And speaking thus she passed among the flowers
And darkness followed and an aching void.
Again his fancy wove a pleasing chain
Of all the glory of the Table Round
And of the havoc wrought by sin until
Afar, "the noise of battle rolled," and he,
The champion of the tourney and the field,
Felt coursing through his veins like raging fire
The thrill of action and of victory;
Yet ere the conflict o'er, his thoughts would turn
To Guinevere, his love, his life, his prize.
Once more there followed calmer moods, and high
Above all care, and toil, and din of earth,
In spotless, uncreated grandeur loomed
The wondrous vision of the Holy Grail.
And near the blessed sign, three maidens fair
All clothed in white, beyond all knowing fair,
Stood as in silent adoration, while
Strains not of earth, rose sweetly round the Grail.
And in their hands they bore a victor's crown
Yet not of laurels, but composed of thorns.
And one, more beauteous than the twain, approached,
And as to softest music spake and said—
"Gird thou the heavenly armour for the quest
And leave behind the world and Guinevere."
Deep silence reigned; and o'er his troubled soul
There softly stole, as steal the purple shades
Across the golden mantle of the sun,
A flood of rapturous light, so calm and still
That all the world seemed hushed at its sweet will

LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE

And paused, while God and man communion held.
Then strong in strength of nobler worlds the Knight
Behind him cast the thoughts of earth, and strove
To gain alone the crown of thorns, which seemed
Of more enduring worth than gold, or those
Which in the tourney fall from ladies' hands.
And so there passed, in rapid order, all
The many scenes, in Arthur's court the while
Had made the sum of human life and love.
Then waking from his dream he pondered well
On those sad scenes with pleasure intertwined,
When human happiness, and human love
Such as few mortals know, was known to him.
For since that long remembered morn of May
He, as the queen, in exile and remorse
Had striven daily to redeem the past.
And as he pondered, once again a voice
That nought could silence, smote upon his ear ;
A plaintive voice, more subtle than the sound
Of mortal voice, or music's sweetest tone,
Which in its sadness, seemed to breathe the prayer
Of Guinevere, who turned to him in tears.
Then Lancelot by mournful sadness moved
Sought out the solace of an ancient shrine,
In prayer to dwell upon the will of heaven.
And as he prayed before his mind arose
A picture of the dying, blameless King,
Slain by his own, who, faithless to their vows
Had, in the midst of virtue, sown but vice.
Lo! here, upon the face of Arthur, cold
As sculptured marble, in the sleep of Death,
He read, in grief, a gentle, mute reproach.
And as he gazed upon that Kingly form

That calmly in unruffled slumber slept,
The Knight bethought him of his own brief life
And of its contrast to that nobler one.
But even now his thoughts drew near to her
Who in the beauty of a perfect life
Had made the glory of the King's,
Until across her pathway he had come
And robbed her of her peace, her joy, her love.
Why leave her thus? E'en in this sacred place
Dark midst the darkness of a dying faith
Her presence made all light, and lit again
The lamp of love, by which his faith could live.
Thus musing on her beauty and their love,—
The living bond of two bright souls—yet dead
Unto each other, severed by their choice,
As ill according with those laws which prove
So oft on earth man's glory and his bane,
He vowed once more to see her, and once more
To claim her as the brightest gift of heaven.
And strong in this resolve, he took to horse
And rode o'er mount and valley, till he came
Within the bounds of ancient Camelot.

The winding street, with many a gabled roof
Stood as in days of old, save on one side
A fortress rose fresh from the masons' hands,
And on the other side, in contrast sad
The ruined grandeur of King Arthur's court.
In silence through the one time noble arch
Sir Lancelot moved slowly, chilled with fear.
How changed the picture to the days of old,
When at his entry silver trumpets blared
And silken tokens waved from lily hands!
Now all was gloom, and desolation, deep,

And ruin, marred the pride of Arthur's court.
No more the stately walls and bastions stood
Erect, defying sword, or onward march
Of belted legion, or of heathen host.
Where once the flower of virtue reigned supreme
And Truth and Honour bound all loyal hearts
In bond of union to a godlike cause,
Now grew the noxious weeds where reptiles hide.
And round the lofty throne, whence Arthur's word
Fell on his Knights as law; and brilliant wit
Flashed as a meteor 'cross the sky, arose
A silence far more eloquent than words.
And Lancelot drew nearer to the shrine
Where in the Virgin's honour he had knelt
And vowed to serve one only, him the King.
And still before the crumbling altar stood
The eastern wall, filled with its storied glass,
Through which, in purple and in crimson rays
Streamed down the golden light, which erstwhile fell
In softened splendour on the silent forms
Of saints, illumined by the hand Divine,
Who sleep in everlasting sanctity.
'Twas here he first beheld that perfect form,
That form, beyond all others, beautiful.
Here on this spot they made their sad farewell,
Farewell to brightest hopes, to love's brief dream.
Change, nought but change—yet each remembered scene
Robbed of its beauty seemed with him to mourn.
Thus passed the hours, when lo! before the porch
In time-worn garments stood the withered sage,
The ancient Merlin, stern, with visage wan.
With outstretched hands, in feeble, faltering tones
The old man spake, and thus addressed the Knight

LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE

Whom seek ye here? Why pause to dwell
Where ruin reigns as lord!
Here Virtue wore the cloak of Hell
And Truth the demon's sword!

Here on the bended knee men swore
In holiness to die,
And yonder by Caerleon's shore
They gave their vow the lie.

And I, alone, this altar tend,
And pray that soon the day
May come, when I my body lend
With it to pass away.

But tarry not within these crumbling walls
Where desolation triumphs; seek to gain
The noblest crown which decks the victor's brow
In strife more noble than the strife of arms.
Go, seek the Queen in yonder sanctuary
And heal thy soul, while yet 'tis called to-day.
Then Lancelot drew nearer to the sage
To speak with him concerning Guinevere
And somewhat learn of that which followed since
The days when he and Merlin walked the woods
Or tarried in the shades of Camelot;
But ere the Knight his purpose could fulfil,
The sage had vanished and was seen no more.
In loneliness, the loneliness of grief
He viewed the fallen splendour of the court
And tears fell fast and faster as he felt
The glory which had been and was no more.
Then taking up his sword, in haste he left

His vow to keep and converse with the Queen.
Full many a league in silence rode the Knight
Until he reached the gate of Almsbury.
And there within the silent cloister walked
With drooping head, the Queen of Camelot.
Too full the measure of his love for words
As he beheld that one time faultless form
More lovely in the light of heavenly love.
Now voiceless all the passion which once swayed
In boundless tumult through his mighty frame.
Now all was changed, and in its place a calm;
A calm and peace which moved through tears and pain
To deeper love, and wrought into his soul
The one desire, to live with her in heaven.
Yet as the Queen with saddened, upturned face
Looked on the Knight with her most beauteous smile
The love of old returned once more, and he
So strong and brave, felt as a little child.
Then in a faltering voice he told the Queen
Of his deep sorrow, and his deeper love
And bade her turn again with him and live
Together as one life to part no more.
Then Guinevere, as sweetly as of yore,
Bade him once more to leave her to that peace
By prayer and fasting she might one day gain.
For through thy love, said she, 'I am undone,
Yet think not that thy love I do despise,
But rather pray for me that through thy love
I purify myself to higher love.
Perchance, hereafter, when the time shall come
When love is undivided and we share
In all its fulness and undying love,
Thy soul may mate with mine, and I shall know

LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE

As now I know not, love's deep mystery.
Now turn again to thine own land and wed
Some maiden whom thou mayest, for I wed not
Except the sorrow of thy love and mine.'
And Lancelot in reverence bowed and said
If by God's grace thou hast so vowed to live
Apart from all the world in sanctity,
Then here before God's altar, I declare
That I, henceforth, will give myself to prayer.
Farewell, sweet rose of womanhood, Farewell!
Farewell beloved dream, my long lost love.
No more I see thy face on earth, farewell.
And parting with these words he left the Queen
And as a hermit lived for six brief moons.
Till prayer and fasting turned his soul to God.
Then taking on the habit of a priest
In loneliness he lived near Almsbury.
And when at length the fair Queen left this world
To share eternal, and a long sought peace
The Knight, whom once on earth she dearly loved
Sang o'er her tomb the Requiem of the Dead.

pain

smile

THE ROSE AND THE LILY

Written for music

THE Rose to the Lily proudly said
"You are pale, my dear," then tossed her head;
"Now if you had more of crimson hue,
'Tis plain more lovers would come to sue;
For lovers — they always love to see
A maiden blush as you now see me;
While you, as a maiden all forlorn,
Stand icy and cold this sunny morn.
And the sun smiles fondly, for he knows
He is sure of welcome from the Rose."

The Lily, so lowly, bowed her head
To the Rose, and then all sweetly said,
"One lover I have who loves me well;
We meet alone when the vesper bell,
With its silver tongue, has lulled to sleep
The birds and flow'rs; and silence deep
Steals o'er the earth: and fragrance rare
From the tender blossoms fills the air.
'Tis then, in the lovely moonlight pale,
I hear the notes of my nightingale.
And we dream of love, while all is still
Save only the murm'ring crystal rill.
A maiden I am, and long to be
All clothed with a garb of purity;
While the moon and the stars both smile on me
As my lover sings on yonder tree;
And I blush not with a crimson glow,
Lest his liquid music cease to flow."

The Rose blushed with a deeper red,
And haughtily tossed her saucy head;
But the Lily stately stood, and smiled
On the Rose, as on some angry child.

VITA NUOVA

‘TIS o’er: the dreary night of restless sleep,
Dark with its phantoms, clouded by despair,
Is past; and Spring, the gentle messenger
Of hopes undying, and of joys sublime,
With all her pent-up treasures, wakes again,
And smiles on one whose wearied eyes
Well-nigh had closed forever to the light.
O beauteous land! O soul-enchanting earth!
Melodious with the hum of mortal life:
O stately hills! O lowly vales! that wear
The lovely garments of the opening spring;
How sweet the music of your voice, that bids
Me rise again, and free myself from bonds
That bind my soul in fetters to the flesh!
For lo! the winter of my grief is o’er,
And I, exuberant in the joys of health,
Once more, with budding spring, return to life;
Once more I mingle in the strain of praise
That from a thousand lips ascends the throne
Of that great Power Beneficent who holds
The key of human life, its joys its woes,
And into one eternal strain attunes
The discord of our ever-varying life.
The past is o’er: yet would I of the past
One strain divine would mingle with my lot,
To raise the haunted darkness from the mind,
And paint a living memory in those hues,
Companions of the air of vernal morn.
But Love is dead: why seek again to raise,
On ruined altars, idols of the past!

Or vainly strive with mortal breath to fan
 Its whitened ashes into Love's white flame!
 But rather, listen to the lyre of life,
 Attuned afresh to kinder themes than Love,
 That moves in stately cadence to the pulse
 And throb of everything that lives and breathes,
 Resolving all of mortal dissonance,
 Of mortal sorrow, love, of mortal woe,
 "To one eternal and most lovely strain"—
 The sum of human suff'ring, and of Love.

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SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

*Lines written for the unveiling of the monument to
the late the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald,
G. C. B., P. C.*

"Stat sua cuique dies; breve et irreparabile tempus
Omnibus est vitæ, sed famam extendere factis
Hoc virtutis opus."—VIRGIL.

BRIEF are our days; the heritage of man
To toil and suffer, measures but a span!
The golden glory of the noontide hour,
So full of splendour and so rich in power,
Soon passes downward to the deeper shade,
Where all its radiant beams in twilight fade,
And issuing Night, upon her sombre way,
Veils all the vanished beauty of the day.

So with man's life; for one brief hour the crown
In lustré glistens, circled with renown;
Then Death's grim spectre dims the glorious noon,
And leaves a void and darkness, all too soon!

But to the living still remains a debt;
In loving rev'rence and with Love's regret,
To keep the memory by such deeds of praise
In honour nurtured through the range of days.
Lo! here, the shadow of a powerful name
Linked to the glory of undying Fame!
Lo! here, the monument of Love's regret—
Of sympathy with him whose sun has set!
In Britain's Isle, 'mid England's sons, the best,
Her noblest, who in sculptured marble rest,

He holds a place. And you upon this ground
Now decked with flowers, but once with greensward
crowned

And tablet, sacred to the cherished dead,
Unveil this Tribute with uncovered head,
As witness of a grateful nation's grief
And loving memory of a peerless Chief.

'Tis but the outward form, seen with the eyes
Of blind mortality, which fades and dies.
The genius and the hidden force which swayed
In Council and in Senate undismayed,
These graven are upon his country's heart,
And of her destiny are now a part.

No path of roses trod the dauntless Chief,
His labour constant and his leisure brief;
His country's honour and his country's good
Were dear to him, and strong as ties of blood.
Such was the Statesman whom we all deplore,
Such was the Leader whose grand life is o'er!
Here, 'neath the banner which he loved to wave,
Which tracked his glory even to the grave,
Behold the champion of a noble cause
Now silent in the calm of Nature's pause.

No more the music of his eloquence
Will voice the words of ripe intelligence;
Though still the essence of the master mind
Unites the common interest of mankind,
Aloft to bear the standard of our race,
And foremost in the great Olympus place
This land of ours. Thus from his life shall spring
Much of the glory which the years will bring.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

His name and Canada's fair name entwined
Here in this mute memorial are enshrined!
What fitter monument could Love demand
To him, the kingliest Leader of our land!

NOTE.—The monument to Sir John A Macdonald
on Dominion Square, Montreal, was unveiled by His
Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen, on June 6, 1895.

WHERE SILENCE LIVES:

I STOOD beside the everlasting hills,
Bathed in the silver of the midnight moon,
And mused of life, its many mysteries,
Its triumphs, failings, and its final aim.
And as I watched the summit of a lofty peak,
Crowned with a crown, so white a god might wear,
I saw a cloud in playful humor kiss
Its brow inviolate, then vanish — where?
And soon a larger cloud, more lovely still,
Enveloped in its flowing-fleecy folds
The frozen throne where slumb'rous Silence lives.
Therefrom, perchance, the word unspoken oft
On Angels' wings hath wandered, winnowing
The souls of men, white for the sheaf of Death —
The dark-robed messenger of mournful days.
Then all was still, as through the silence stole
The last faint vestige of that foam-like cloud.
Where now the gathered glory from that throne?
All vanquished, vanished into vapourous night!
Alone, in lonely grandeur, cold and white,
The mountain stood, watched over by the moon,
So calm and pale, methought all life had ceased,
And God looked on the world which he had made.

Thus fancy followed fancy, and I mused;
How oft in varied walks of art, man's life
Doth soar to god-like heights, and dwell with God,
A season, lingering lovingly in light,

1 From the Canadian Magazine.

WHERE SILENCE LIVES

To mirror for a moment here on earth
The image of the life Immaculate:—
A moment, then a moment's memory.

And all the beauty which within the soul
Lies slumbering, waiting for the breath Divine
To blossom forth in fragrant flowers and fill
With sweetest incense, life's deep loneliness!
Shall this then wake from death-in-life to light,
And kiss the feet of God, but to resolve
In shadow and a moment's memory!
Nay: all the beauty which hath been, shall be,
And greater, when hereafter, God and man,
And man as God, in ceaseless harmony,
Upon the summit of the mount shall dwell.
Then Time, and Place, and Life's great mystery,
Dissolving as the clouds, shall pass and leave
The throne of God inviolate; while man,
Part of the beauty which hath been, shall be
The glory of that throne perpetually.

A DREAM OF YOUTH

SPRING in the leaf-time listens
For song of youth and maid,
To call forth into splendour
The primrose scented glade—

To fill with sweetest incense
The censer of the morn,
While melody unbroken
In songs of love is born.

For spring herself rejoices
When all true lovers meet,
And scatters in her bounty
The flowers beneath their feet.

Light hearts and beaming faces,
Love songs and tender sighs,
These are the spring's true pleasures,
The sunlight of her eyes.

By margin of still waters,
By brook or babbling stream,
She listens for the laughter
Of love's delicious dream;

And when in tender sadness,
Beneath the moonlight pale,
The lovers list to music
Of some sweet nightingale,

THE DREAM OF YOUTH

Then spring withdraws in silence
The silver lamps of night,
For love heeds not the darkness,
Itself the source of light.

But soon the springtime passes,
And on the youngest tree,
The golden tints of Autumn
Will linger lovingly ;

And soon both youth and maiden
Must learn the bitter truth
That love, not life, may flourish
Fresh in eternal youth.

THE PASSING OF TENNYSON

(OCTOBER, 1892.)

THE moon in her own dying glory fades,
And from thy casement half withdraws her light;
The leaves of autumn, touched with golden hue,
Are softly sighing in the solemn night;
Whilst thou, the glorious minstrel of our time,
Whose harp, Æolian toned, awoke such strains
As swell the choral anthems of the heavens,
Art calmly waiting in the moonlight pale
For dawn of golden sunlight that precedes
Thine entry to undying harmony.

Farewell! beloved voice that sang of Truth,
In clearest tones, to ever noble themes;
That mingled with the earthly song a strain
Of that immortal beauty which belongs,
Not to this earth, but an unfading land.
Farewell! thy voice still lives, its echo lasts,
To swell the glory of undying fame.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER

OBIT DECEMBER VI MDCCCXCVI

"Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur."

THE night is dark, and 'neath her raven wings
Thy form is folded in eternal sleep!
How dark the night of death, so cold and chill
And frozen fast the fountain of my tears.
I cannot hear thee speak! and sorrow seals
The lips that now would form themselves in prayer:
Perchance 'tis well, for no discordant voice
Should pierce the silence of thy blessed sleep.
Yes, all is well, and I must watch and wait
Until above the chant of Death I hear
Immortal music melting in mine ears,
The echo of a voice so long-time still.
Then shall I feel that love whose folds can fill,
A grave with glory, and a heart with tears.

January 2, 1897.

A WELCOME

*TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR WILFRED LAURIER
G. C. M. G. PREMIER OF CANADA*

*On his return from the celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee
in England*

THRIICE-WELCOME to thy native land
Of stately pines and maple-leaf!
Thrice-welcome, honoured, loyal Chief,
Thrice-welcome to thy native land.

While England's banner waves above,
The sons of France and England raise,
The voice of song to swell thy praise
As Leader of the land they love;

And loyal pines, beside which grow
The rose and lily as one flower,
Their tribute make this joyous hour
In murmuring music, soft and low.

Thrice-welcome to thy native land
Of stately pines and maple-leaf:
Thrice-welcome, honoured, loyal Chief,
Thrice-welcome to thy native land.

A FAREWELL

BEFORE the Virgin's altar shrine
Laden with flowers of purity;
Meet offering to the maid divine,
I knelt at noon, and thought of thee.

The tender blossoms filled the air
With fragrance sweet as sanctity,
And even mingled with the prayer,
And silence of my love for thee.

And with those flowers thy name I'll twine,
Henceforth, through years of loneliness,
For still this sad lost soul of mine
Can dream of perfect loveliness.

Farewell! farewell! but for a day
I will forget thee never,
And though on tide of time I stray,
Forget me not for ever.

Farewell, farewell, for evermore
For ever and for ever!
Farewell! I see thy face no more
For ever, and for ever.

CROSSING THE BAR

IN IMITATION OF TENNYSON

SUNSET of golden hue!
The signal is for me!
No gathering cloud, nor storm in view
As I approach the sea.

Then on the ocean's calm, unruffled tide,
My fragile bark may roam,
For faithful on all seas hath been the guide,
Who now steers home.

Twilight, and silvery bell!
Soon come the deeper shades!
Oh may no tear drop mingle in farewell
As my bark fades!

For though I oft have drifted in life's race
Far from my home, afar,
I know my pilot's loving face
Is watching 'cross the Bar.

TO ETHELREDA

WINDS are with the willows weeping,
Love lies low!
Snow-drops in their grief are peeping
Through the snow!

Mournful music from my lyre!
Darkness and gloom!
Vanished all its sacred fire,
In yonder tomb!

Cold upon her virgin forehead
Sleeps the long, last loving kiss.
Cold, beside the love there buried
Sleeps a dream of earthly bliss.

Sun, moon, and stars above,
Weep while I weep!
Lilies, alone, in love
With her, may sleep.

Frozen kisses, snow flakes falling
Melt in tears of pain!
From the heavens white souls are calling
Hers to life again.

Low lies her lovely head!
Sleep, maiden, sleep!
Death trembles, and the dead
Leave her in sleep.

FAR AWAY, FAR

Far off, in loneliness, far away, far,
Gleams in the heavens a glorious star.
In the purple of God, when the moonlight is low,
And the breath of the flowers fills the silence below;
Through the mist and the music of sorrow and pain
Comes the infinite sweetness of loving again
As I see midst the clouds, though far away far,
The face of my love as a gentle star.

THE LIFELESS FLOWER

THE fragrance from the flower is flown,
No more its sweetness breathes of thee!
The little life it lived, is gone:
It lived and died, and but for thee.

A fragile, lifeless, vacant flower,
It sleeps forgotten and forlorn
Its colour faded, and its power
To please, for evermore is shorn.

Yet it shall in remembrance live
The dearest treasure of my heart;
Thy memory life to it shall give
Which only death itself can part.

Mute emblem of a deeper love
Which slumbering lies within my breast,
I'll tend it, even as that love,
For it was once by love caressed.

*A VISION OF THE NIGHT*¹

IN the silent hours of slumber,
Walk the spirits about my bed,
Weaving fancies of the living
With the memories of the dead.

Quickly, with the moments fleeting,
Pleasures vanish one by one;
Deeper grows my desolation—
Soon the setting of the sun.

From the bosom of deep waters,
Touched with glories of the moon,
Voices seem forever sighing,
"Life itself will vanish soon."

Dimly dawn, beyond the shadows,
Visions of a world to come—
Love, enthroned on golden pinions,
Crowning an Elysium.

In the unveiled perfect beauty
Of great Nature's noblest mould,
Youth and maiden—Love's creation—
Dream the dreams the gods unfold.

Venus for Adonis weeping,
Feels Love's pleasures and its pains,
In exulting gifts of nature
Coursing through her youthful veins.

¹ From the Canadian Magazine.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT

Twining rose, or blending lily,
Cupid's children round her play,
Wreathed in garland groups of gladness,
Whirling their sweet lives away,

To the rhythm of some movement,
Not of earth — some magic strain —
Surely these are souls immortal?
Not the phantoms of the brain!

Thus I muse, and for an answer,
Comes the weird and sad refrain,
"Slowly, slowly, pleasures vanish
Never to return again."

Then upon the angry billows,
Lo! a fragile bark appears
Riding in majestic silence:
To my feet the helmsman steers.

Save the sadness of the ocean
All is still, and cold, and dark,
As upon an unknown voyage,
I, in loneliness, embark.

Death's dark angel grimly smiling,
Tells me of a wondrous shore:
Doom, its radiant glories mingles,
With the days that are no more.

Fast the scenes of earth are fading;
All my soul is sunk in fear;
Wild, fantastic shapes, and visions;
Gruesome figures hover near.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT

In my woe and desperation,
Of the pilot I implore
"Mystic being, in thy mercy,
Whither drift we? To what shore?"

But no answer, only silence—
Gathering strength to make reply:
Then, a crashing peal of thunder
Rends the purple vault on high.

Through the lurid lightning's pathway
Brightly gleams the distant plain,
Where in virgin charms reposing,
Maidens chant the sad refrain.

"Slowly, slowly, pleasures vanish,
Never to return again;
Slowly, slowly, life is ebbing,
Mortal tears and hopes are vain."

Deeper grows my desolation;
Still I vow the shore to gain,
But a shaft, from Jove descending,
Cleaves my fragile bark in twain.

Ζώη μου σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

SING, oh! sing that song again,
Tinged with pleasure, and with pain.
Let those perfect lips of thine
Music make of themes divine,
Sing, but softly sweet and low,
Ζώη μου σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

In the sparkle of thine eyes
Burns that fire which never dies.
Tell me if thy heart can share
In the love for thee I bear;
Love me not; yet even so
Ζώη μου σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

By the heaving of thy breast
I may read thy soul's unrest.
Let me on thy bosom lie
Where I would most gladly die,
For in dying thou would'st know
Ζώη μου σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

In those pure white arms entwined
By thy virgin love enshrined
Seal upon my brow one kiss,
I would give my soul for this.
Tell me yes, or tell me no.
Ζώη μου σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

In my dreams I hear a song,
I have listened for so long
Sung by those sweet lips of thine,
Yielding all thy soul to mine—
Sing, but softly, sweet and low
Ζώη μου σὰς ἀγαπῶ.

TO SIR JAMES MACPHERSON LF MOINE
F. R. S. C.

HISTORIAN OF QUEBEC

My dear Sir James:

Since no song of mine could add lustre to your time-honoured name, accept my version of three lines from a time-honoured poet, whose tender pathos and modern spirit dwell in the life of more than two thousand years ago.

A. G. D.

*‘δεινὸς χαρακτήρ κάπλισημος ἐν βροτοῖς
ἐσθλῶν γενέσθαι, κάπλι μείζον ἔρχεται
τῆς εὐγενείας ὄνομα τοῖσιν ἀξίοις.’*

Euripides Hec. 379.

Clear and defined the impress of the die
Which noble birth confers, yet stronger still
When virtue aids to perfect Nature's work.

TO PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY OF TECK

(JULY 6, 1893.)

“**T**HE bridal garland falls upon the bier,”
So sang the plaintive voice of England's bard
E'er yet he passed to that pure light
Where vanish all the shadows cast by Death.

Princess, for you that garland blooms again,
And falling on a brother's love, in one
Shall bind the loves of lost and living love.
And on this morn, when joyous marriage bell
Makes tuneful music over hill and dale,
Its echo rolls along th' eternal shore
Where, happy in the love he bare to you,
His soul, in finer light, now shares with him,
His brother, in the mystic bond of love;
Until, hereafter, when the Sun of Love
Shall wreath in garlands fairer flowers than earth's,
The soul of brother, husband, and of wife,
Shall dwell as one, where no discordance reigns,
And love, in an Eternal Harmony.

TO THE MEMORY OF PRINCE HENRY
OF BATTENBERG

SLEEP noble soul! while coldly on thy brow
The dark-robed angel seals thy latest vow,
To fight for England, and her foes defy,
To live for England, or for her to die.
Sleep! faithful soul, the victor's course is run,
By thy resolve the laurel wreath is won.
'Tis hearts like thine which vanquished foes have met;
'Tis hearts like thine which bounds to Empire set.
Sleep! for the memory of thy vow shall be
Thy glory and thy crown, perpetually.

March, 1896.

A CHILD'S PRAYER

To M. B. H.

AVE Maria! Hear my prayer.
O teach me how thy love to share,
For since my lips could lisp thy name,
My heart has yearned thy love to claim.

TO MISS JANE NEWMAN

IT is the hour when Nature sleeps;
That interval of nameless peace,
When sounds of mortal voices cease
And Love, alone, his vigil keeps.

Then from the shadows, where the Hours
And Dreams hold converse with the Night,
A vestal virgin, clothed in white,
Arises from the fragrant flowers.

And one soft voice falls on the ear,
In music of forgotten themes,
Which haunt the soul as heavenly dreams
And force the sad, half joyous tear;

Like an Æolian harp which sings
Its sweet nocturnal melody,
As restless winds, unceasingly,
Recall to life its quivering strings.

A voice which soothes life's deepest pain,
Which calms the anguish of the breast,
And lulls the weary soul to rest
And faith in dreams of love, again.

And thine the virgin face I see:
To thee those heaven-born gifts belong,
O sing again some tender song,
And bring my youth once more to me!

IN MEMORIAM E. F. H.

O ALL eternal Wisdom, from whom flows
The secret fountain of all human love,
Grant that the golden link of friendship pure,
Which bound two souls on this bright earth as one,
May be the foretaste of a holier bond
Where all are pure, and love is understood.

FANCY AND IMAGINATION

OUR Fancy roams with earth's revolving scenes
And gathers solace from the things of time,
E'en as the bee draws from the passing flower
Its sweetness, moving on from bloom to bloom.
But fond Imagination finds no rest,
A pilgrim, lost awhile upon this earth,
Yet ever striving through the things of time
To reach her native land, her home in heaven

HELEN AND APHRODITE



TO HILDA LANGTON

'Born Sept. 10, 1868

'Died Sept. 10, 1878

Thy memory with this verse shall be entwined
That he who on its lines may chance to gaze
First Hilda's name shall there behold enshrined.

THRICE happy were those tender years of thine,
So full of promise in a gracious spring,
That even now there gathers round thy shrine
The image of what future years would bring.
For thine was beauty hourly ripening
On this dull earth for some more lovely sky.
O dream beyond fond love's imagining
I weep not, for thy soul may never die
Though in the silent grave thy perfect form must lie!

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HELEN AND APHRODITE

THREE suns had set since that momentous hour
When Paris roamed the slopes of Ida's mount,
And seeking shelter from the noonday heat,
Had sunk to slumber in a sylvan bower.
Here Aphrodite and Athene met,
With Hera, lovely in her rainbow hues.
And each had bared her pure white limbs, each charm
From golden head, and snow-white breasts, to where
Her feet, like ivory, nestled in the ferns.
And Paris, waking from his blissful dreams
Drank in the beauty of those maidens three
Till every pulse was quickened, and his frame
Was thrilled with passion, all unknown before.
Then Aphrodite softly spoke, and said ;
" Since by the wisdom of the gods' decree
To you 'tis given to crown with beauty's crown
The fairest goddess of the present three ;
Now give the prize to me, and for thy bride
Shalt be the fairest maid this world doth know."
Then Hera in voluptuous beauty posed
Before the youth, and spake in liquid tones,
" The fruit of discord by the goddess thrown
To me as Queen among the queens, belongs ;
Place in my hands the golden fruit, and thou,
A kingdom, and its wealth, shalt own, and sway."
Next came Athene, in her strength divine,
Whose arm the thunders from the heavens can hurl ;
Whose ear to gentle love inclines ; who weaves
The arts of warfare in the weft of peace.

In stately grandeur, conscious of the flame
 Immortal beauty in a mortal wakes
 She plied her subtle arts, while silence fanned
 The heat of passion surging through his veins.
 Then in soft tones, sweet in each whispered word
 She claimed his gift, and thus addressed the youth:
 "Behold, in me alone, the mystic power,
 To crown with triumph feats of arms in war;
 Give me the prize, and I will bind for thee
 The laurel wreath which decks the victor's brow."
 But Paris, mindful of the task imposed,
 Withdrew in silence, for within his breast
 The tumult of his passions waged fierce war.
 And Aphrodite, as in sadness stood,
 With tear stained face, more eloquent than words
 And smiling through her tears looked on the youth,
 Who rose, and called her to his side, and said—
 "To you, the Queen of Love, whom I embrace
 The golden fruit is given. For evermore
 The crown of beauty crowns the brow of love."
 So Paris filled with ecstasy divine
 With Aphrodite wandered through the woods
 As in a dream, lost to all thought, but love.

* * * * *

The moon had vanished, and a single star
 In loneliness watched in the vault of heaven
 (For love needs not the light of sun or moon
 Too full the measure of its depth for light)
 When Paris, mindful of the promise made
 By Aphrodite, yet three suns gone by,
 Arose, and crossed to Lacedæmon's shore,
 Where Helen, worshipped as a queen, abode
 With Menelaus and Hermione.

HELEN AND APHRODITE

And Menelaus called for goodly wine
To welcome Paris, and their mirth ran high
Till echo answered echo through the halls.
And long they tarried o'er the flowing cup
While flaming braziers lit the festive board.
Then as the shades of night crept on apace
The maidens strewed the beds with purple o'er
And Paris and the King fell in deep sleep.
But not so Helen; long the hours wore on
Nor sleep o'ertook her, till the rosy dawn
Was watching to unloose the gates of day.
Then a great wonder midst the orbs was seen,
And Hesper-Phosphor, sweetest star of heaven
Which lingers o'er the setting sun, and sees
His rise to glory with the dawn of day,
Turned pale; for midst a gorgeous burst of flame
The Queen of Love appeared, with myrtle crowned.
And lo! her swan-drawn chariot flashed and gleamed
Along the pathway of the starry sky
And paused, where Lacedæmon's palace rose.
And Helen, trembling at the glowing light
From off her couch arose, for well knew she
That radiance other than of mortal birth.
Then Aphrodite, lovely, but with soul
As cold as marble, save to touch of love
Stood on a fleecy cloud, poised in mid-air,
Bewildering soul and sense, even desire.
Well might a mortal dream to die were bliss
If dying he might her but once embrace!
Silently, smiling with that smile which sits
Upon her lovely lips, and lingers there,
She gazed on Helen, who with downcast eyes
Besought the queen, her life, her love, to spare.

But still the silence, and no answer came.
 Then Helen rose with anger in her eye
 And half appalled the goddess by her gaze.
 "What wilt thou?" said she, "seek again the shades
 Of Ida's pines, or where Adonis waits
 Thy wanton love, if love be fitting name
 For loves as countless as the countless sands!
 Ah! leave me! leave me to my peace and love,
 For I am purer than the spotless down
 On yonder snow-white swan! Why seek to mar
 Mine honour, or to make my name a sound
 Of loathing to my lord, the noble King?
 Hast thou no memory of my childish years
 When by Eurotas' stream I used to play
 In loving gambols with my brothers twain,
 And Clytemnestra! Was I more than child
 When the Athenian-Theseus wrought my shame,
 And I, a maiden still, save by the deed
 Unsought, unwished, became the scourge, the bane
 Of mine own land! For now no blood can purge
 My name, once spotless as fresh fallen snow!"
 Then Helen ceased, and Aphrodite smiled,
 Ere from her lips the liquid music rolled,
 Which calms the anger in all mortal breasts
 And woos e'en virtue by its dulcet tones:
 "Fair child, ere since a babe, I loved thee well,
 And on this day my love I come to prove.
 Now dry those tears, thy lovely eyes should beam
 With sparks of love, for in thy veins there flows
 The purple blood of an immortal sire.
 From Nemesis and from the Swan, art thou!
 Why tarry here the toy of mortal lord,
 Or fold in thine embrace a form of clay!

HELEN AND APHRODITE

What honour waits for those, whose honour dwells
In mortal breasts? Why, beauty such as thine
Awakes the music of the sacred Nine,
Who on Parnassus by Apollo led
Shall hymn thy praises to the lute and lyre
And stamp thy glory, deathless as the stars!
Thou, queen, immortal in thy birth should'st share
The fond embrace of an immortal spouse!
Thy crimson cheeks, and heaving breasts, e'en now
Are telltale of thy birth, and the desire
Of love more ardent than to mortals known.
But slumber now, and undisturbed by dreams
All through the day, and watches of the night,
For when Aurora's rosy chariot rolls
Along the pathway of the starry way
Thou shalt return from sleep, to joyous life."
Then Sleep, at Aphrodite's summons, came
Borne on soft breezes from Lemnian isle
And paused, till Helen on her couch reclined;
Then gently—in his office ever kind—
He laid the poppies on her wavering lids
And lulled her as a little child, to sleep.
And Aphrodite loosed her zone, and lo!
The face of Helen grew divinely fair
More lovely even than the queen of Love.

Now when the sun was high, the King arose
And left with Paris, all in haste to gain
The slopes of Mount Taygetus, there to drive
The wandering deer, and breathe the mountain air.

The day wore on, and through the palace rang
The laughter of the maidens and their song,
But still the Queen appeared not, and they said
"Why tarries thus our Queen? Doth gentle sleep

Still weave for her the garland of bright dreams?"
 And when the hour of noon had long passed by,
 They sought the little child Hermione,
 And led her to the chamber, knowing well
 The music of her voice would banish sleep.
 And round her loving mother's couch she played
 Unheeded, till at length in fear she wept.
 And when the maidens answering to her cries
 The chamber reached, and failed to rouse the Queen
 They bowed their heads, and said "our Queen is borne
 To Euna's plains, with fair Persephone."

A gloom hung o'er the palace, as a shroud
 And muffled voices sang in mournful tones
 The praise of Helen and her wondrous charm.
 And Paris and the King, returning heard
 The sound of dirge above the silence rise,
 And marvelled much, though neither spake one word
 For unknown dread had checked the power of speech.
 Then Menelaus as beneath a spell
 Drew near the palace where the mourners wept,
 And heeded not the child Hermione,
 Who in her tender love had sought to share
 The burden of his grief, and ease his pain.
 Within the chamber where the Queen still slept
 The King withdrew and watched, and wept alone
 Till grief outwore his body and he slept.

Now when the daughter of the dawn prepared
 To steer her chariot through the trackless sky:
 That time the gold and amber cloud flocks wait
 Impatiently to bear her company,
 Fair Helen, radiant as the morn arose,
 And light of heart, in love with health and youth.
 No memory lingered of unhappy hours,

HELEN AND APHRODITE

No thought of evil, present, or to come
For o'er her soul there crept in pure delight
A sense of nameless beauty, sensuous calm —
Which steeps the spirits in Elysium.
And seeking out a crystal stream she bathed,
And bound her wealth of waving golden hair,
And robed herself in garment, which of old
Athene wrought, gift of immortal hand.
And ever from the thick-set boughs, the birds
In joyous song poured forth their meed of praise.
And Helen sank amid the flowers, and mused
Of nature and her never ceasing charms,
And blushed to think of that, she dared not speak, —
Yet felt in every breath, in every pulse.
And as she plucked the petals from the flowers
To cast them slowly in the limpid stream,
She saw upon the surface crystalline
The mirrored purple of the flowing robe
Which clothed the god-like Paris, at her side.
And either gazed on other for awhile
As if expectant of some unknown joy.
Then smile met smile, and answered with a smile,
And thought unchecked, resolved itself in kiss, —
And dreaming, in each other's arms entwined,
No thought disturbed them, save the thought of love.
And Aphrodite, ever hovering near,
Assumed the garb of Æthra, and thus spake:—
" 'Tis here, between the lily and the rose
Ye first have known the meaning of delight,
Yet danger lurks for those who tarry long,
While bliss awaits the answer to my call.
Now seek thy ship within the Gythian bay
And pass thy life as in a beauteous dream.

HELEN AND APHRODITE

Then Paris, at the voice of Æthra, rose
And passed beneath her veil unto the ship.
And Helen followed gladly, for she thought
Of Paris as a god, who called in love,
Nor mused of ill, for how could evil dwell
Within a breast as spotless as the snow!
And happy in each other's company
They ploughed the furrows of the ocean's plain,
While Doris, Doto, and Amphimone
Made bridal music to the murmuring sea.

Thus Helen passed from her own shores awhile
By will of Aphrodite, wanton queen;
Until once more, in the Elysian plain
Where falls not rain, or snow, and tears are not,
With Menelaus and Hermione
She wore again her crown, and reigned as queen
Worshipped by maidens for her purity;
Immortal in her glory and enshrined
Throughout all ages, as a perfect type
Of virgin beauty and of virgin love.

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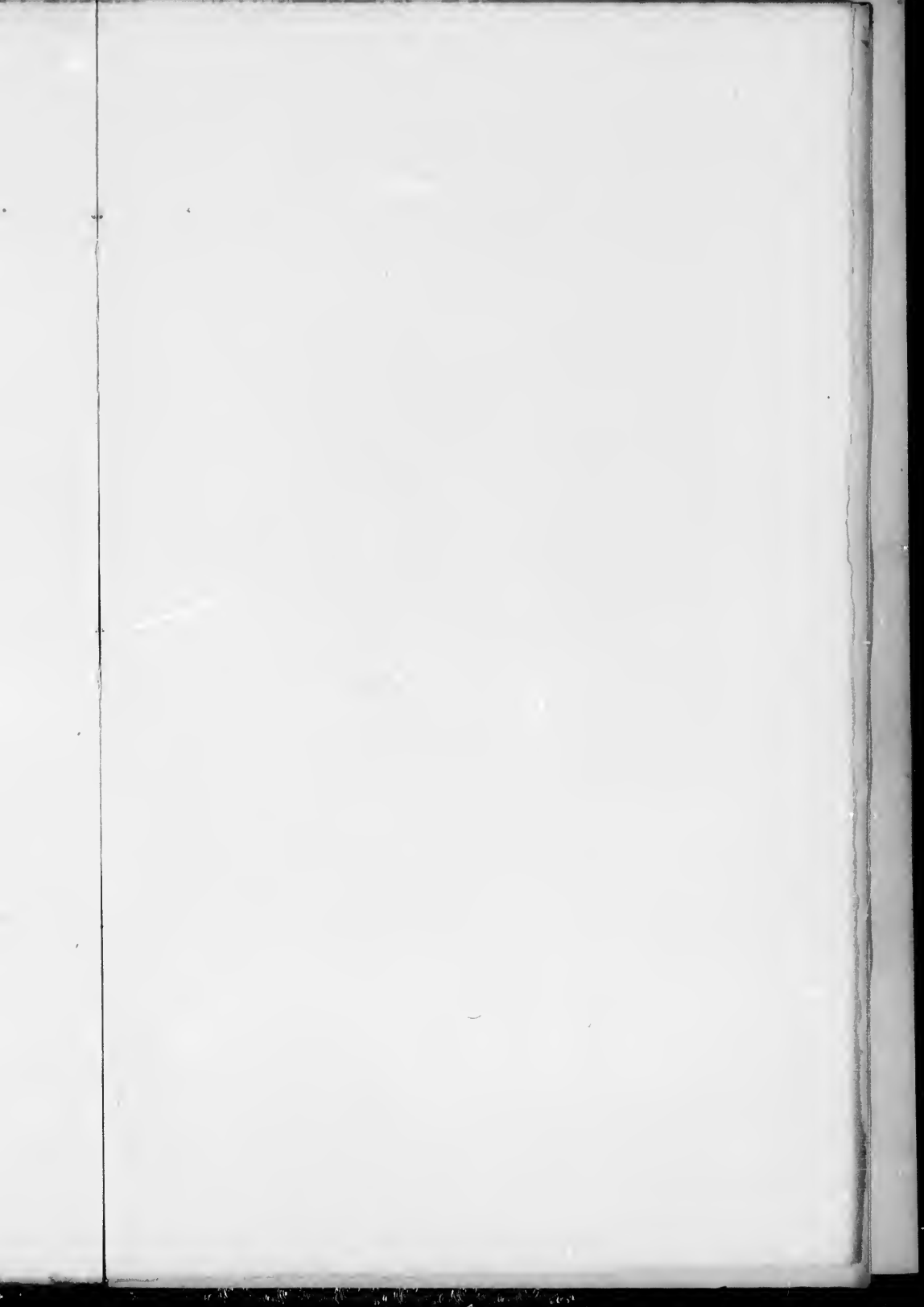
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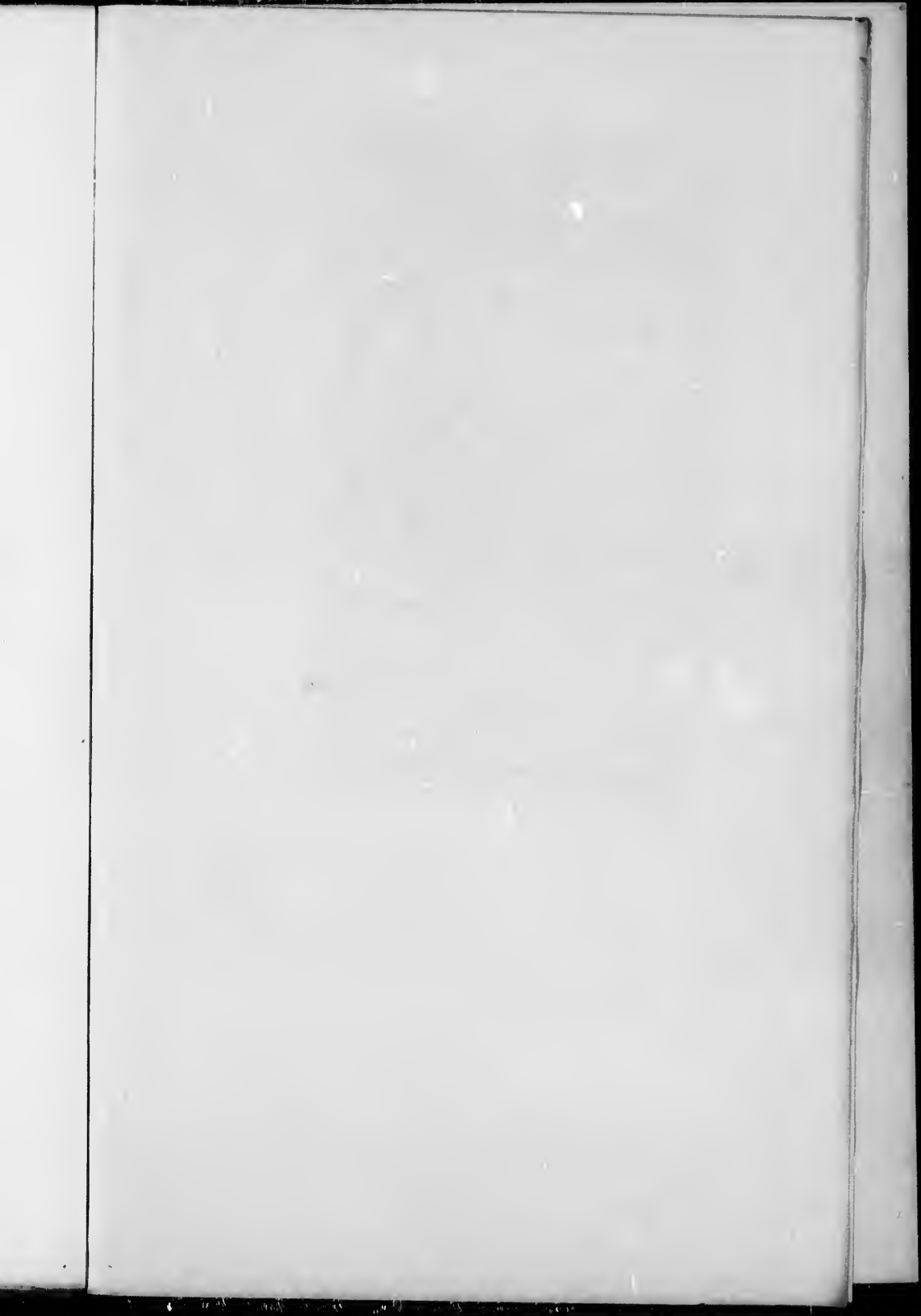
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"Nugae Canorae" by A. G. D.

Litor of Notes and Queries:

Sir,—Do you know of a work entitled "Nugae Canorae," by A. G. Doughty? Was it ever placed on the market for sale, and mentioned in any publisher's catalogue? Where could it be found and what is the price of it

Did you ever make any appreciation of those verses in your columns, and if so, would you kindly republish your remarks in next Saturday's issue? In so doing you would oblige

A READER.

(Montreal.)

"Nugae Canorae, By A. G. D., 1897" was issued, I believe, for private circulation, and I do not think that more than 25 or 26 copies were printed. The book is beautifully printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper, with rough edges, and bound in white parchment, with an ornamental design printed in dark brown. There are 72 pages 8vo. and an Albertype by the Forbes Company, of Boston, on Japanese vellum. I do not think any reference was made to the work in this column, as it was not offered to the public. In the dedication, following the title page, these words occur: "Nugae Canorae" is not a pretty title for a book, and therefore not complimentary to you. You, however, are a lover of truth, and it is absolutely true." I would suggest that you communicate with Mr. Doughty, of the Library of Parliament, Quebec, for any further information.

Editor of "Notes and Queries."

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